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VOL. 62.—No. 30.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884.

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EDUARD HANSLICK.*

Fielding, in one of his bitter remarks on critics, says that of late years by far the greatest number of these formidable gentlemen have been found among the lawyers, who understood the Greek word critic, as judgment in the legal sense in which it is frequently used, as equivalent to condemnation. Again, among the jurists, after a century and a half, we now find one of the most distinguished critics still living—a critic, however, who vastly differs from those whom Fielding addresses as “My good reptile,” for, by criticising, he produces, and by analyzing he does not destroy, leaving behind him only his own noisy name. He creates literature equally instructive to the criticised artist and the public.

The reader will guess that we do not allude to a critic of literature. We mean the famous music-critic, Eduard Hanslick, of Vienna. There are many judges of music in Austria, judges of various degree, but the highest tribunal in musical matters is Hanslick, from whose decision an appeal is impossible. His authority is absolute and unassailable, for it rests on two solid pillars: his knowledge of music and the high integrity of his artistic character. In short, he is one of those few critics—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—who actually understand the subject on which they have to write, and who only write according to their understanding and not their liking. Strange as this may appear in our time, when, according to Herkelo, few men think, but all will have opinions, it is still more strange that Hanslick began to exercise his influence in musical circles at a very early age. He was born at Prague, in Bohemia, in 1825, and was reared in an atmosphere of learning, tempered, however, by music, for his father was the well-known bibliographer, G. Adolph Hanslick, who gave him a very careful education and sent him to the Prague University, but at the same time obliged him to study music practically on the piano and theoretically from the composer, Tomaschek, who was a distinguished musician.

Already at that time it was manifest that Hanslick had decided talents for music, but an artistic career seemed so precarious, that he, probably at his father's wish, resolved to qualify himself for the public service—the grave of so many promising talents. He therefore began the study of law, for the completion of which he came to Vienna, where he obtained the degree of Doctor in 1849. These studies, however, did not diminish his love for music. In spite of Roman law, Canonical law, and German law, his mind remained fresh enough for the enjoyment of Mozart and Beethoven, and events at the opera were as important to him as any new legal puzzle. But, in his discrimination of musical productions, his great analytical power, perhaps strengthened by deep reading, enabled him to distinguish with a quick ear the slightest deviation from true artistic sentiment, and in 1848, at the early age of twenty-three, he began to write criticisms on music for a Vienna newspaper. His very first article drew public attention on him, as his *critique* was not only to the point and well founded, but was always purely objective, void of personalities, and couched in language at once classic and popular. After a few years of literary work he was acknowledged the first musical critic of Vienna, and has since held undisputed possession of his judicial office.

Meanwhile, Hanslick had left the civil service and resolved to devote his forces entirely to music. In discharge of his public duties—for such are the duties of an honorable journalist—he could not, of course, avoid sometimes exposing the decay of apparently solid musical creations, pulling down false ideals and destroying the unfounded hopes of mediocrity; but out of these ashes there arose a positive work of his, a book which is epochal in the literature of music, and which has given to us a new range of ideas for the promotion of our understanding of that most mysterious of all sciences. This work is his treatise *On the Beautiful in Music*, which first appeared in 1854, and which will secure to Hanslick a lasting literary name. This book was the first scientific endeavour to explain the essence of music and of music itself, though not through ideas and feelings which we commonly connect with it. Hanslick destroys the old belief that the purpose of music is to interpret feelings and shows in clear, philosophical language that the Beautiful in Music is a specific musical element, independent of, and not requiring any extraneous matter, and exclusively based on tunes and their artistic connection. According to him, the substance of music consists of sounding moving figures, and music is a kaleidoscope in the highest idealized form. The old sentimental school, which defined music as the art of expressing effects and passions, was shocked by the revolutionary doctrines, which, however, were too well-founded on indisputable nature to be overturned by any coalition of feelings and emotions; and Hanslick's superiority became more and more acknowledged. In 1856 he began to lecture at the Vienna University on “*Æsthetic History of Music*,” and up to the

present day he continues at that high school to teach what he has learned himself during his long wanderings through the realms of melody, but so practical is his method of teaching that he illustrates all his explanations by examples on the piano, which is always to be found in his lecture room.

Hanslick has given us some further works of great and permanent musical interest, above all, *The History of Vienna Concerts*, *The Modern Opera*, and his biographical texts for *The Gallery of German, French, and Italian Composers*. His treatise on the *Beautiful in Music* has now gone through six editions and been translated into French and Spanish. At the Paris Exhibitions in 1867 and 1878, and at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873, he acted as judge in the musical department; and since 1864 he has been permanent musical critic for the greatest Austrian newspaper, the *Neue Freie Presse*. It is but natural that an enormous amount of experience is at his command, but even that would not have been sufficient to raise him to the high position he now holds, if he had not had at his disposal a great amount of learning, without which even genius can produce but imperfect works.

GRIEZ.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Sigurd was given for the second time here on Saturday evening. The characteristics and merits of the work having been fully commented on, it may suffice to record the repetition of the opera and its second favourable reception; further retrenchments tending to the improvement of the general effect. Again the fine performance of Mme Albani as Brunhilda, and the excellence of the general cast, including M. Jourdain as Sigurd, Mme Fursch-Madies as Hilda, Mdle Reggiani as Uta, M. Devoyod as Gunther, and Signor de Reszke as Hagen, gave full impressiveness to M. Reyer's music. The scene of Brunhilda's fiery palace has been improved since the first night, when the arrangements were not quite completed. The use of coloured light reflected on dense clouds of steam gives a realistic effect of fire by means that are devoid of danger. The splendour of the scenic and stage display was again a prominent feature.

During the previous week *Carmen* was repeated, the occasion being the “benefit” and last appearance of Mme Pauline Lucca. The fine performance of this great artist in the title character of Bizet's opera has many times been commented on. Again it was characterized by the same artistic vocalization and dramatic force as before, and produced a similarly powerful impression on a large audience. Mme Lucca was warmly greeted on her parting appearance. The cast of the opera was in other respects also the same as heretofore.

Aida was repeated on Thursday, with the title-character transferred to Mme Helène Crosmond—formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre—who now made her first appearance at the Covent Garden Opera. The part is an arduous one to sustain, and has been so often associated with Mme Adelina Patti as to render success in it not easy of attainment. Mme Crosmond may therefore be congratulated on having given a very intelligent rendering of a difficult character, her strongest impression being created in the later scenes. The cast included—as on previous occasions—Mdle Tremelli as Amneris, Signor Marconi as Radamès, M. Devoyod as Amonasro, and Signor Scolaro as the King, Signor de Reszke having given special importance to the character of Ramfis.

This week—the last of the season—there will have been five performances, including that of *Sigurd* (for the third time) on Thursday, a repetition of *Faust* (for the benefit of Mme Albani) on Friday, and the only performance of *Linda di Chamouni* (for the “gala night” of Mme Adelina Patti), which to-night brings what we believe has been a prosperous season to a close.—H. J. L. (D. N.)

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the Charles Lucas Medal was decided on Saturday last, July 19th. The examiners were Messrs F. H. Cowen, E. H. Thorne, and E. Aguilar, (chairman). There were twenty candidates, and the medal was awarded to Charles S. Macpherson.

SARAH BERNHARDT AT ALBERT HALL.—A most interesting feature of Mr Watts' annual concert, given at the Albert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, was the appearance of Mme Sarah Bernhardt, who de-claimed with rare power and charm the part of Phèdre, in a scene from Racine's tragedy of that name, the impressive poem called “Bézia,” and (in very fair English) “The Last Rose of Summer.” That this familiar ballad, so frequently sung, should have been chosen for such a purpose by a foreign actress might seem strange; but Mme Bernhardt spoke the lines so clearly and so melodiously that the absence of music was scarcely felt.

* From *The Current*, Chicago, U. S.

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(From the "Leeds press.")

No. 2.—ALL SOULS' (HOOK MEMORIAL) CHURCH.

It is somewhat singular that in describing the musical services at the premier church in Leeds, so intimately connected with the name of the esteemed vicar, Dr Hook, I should in this, the following notice, have chiefly to refer to his son, who is indisputably the moving spirit in, and the active cause of, the beautiful choral service at All Souls', or the Hook Memorial Church. It was indeed a happy thought on the part of some one to suggest the erection of a sacred edifice in Leeds to the memory of him who had done so much to awaken Church feeling and Church work in Leeds, and to perpetuate his name not only by the building of a beautiful edifice, designed by the greatest ecclesiastical architect of the age—Sir Gilbert Scott, a personal friend of Dr Hook's—but to place his son, the Rev. Cecil Hook, as the first vicar of the new parish. "Do not give unto God that which costs you nothing," Dr Hook used to plead in some of his eloquent sermons, and so thought and acted those benevolent persons who nobly contributed to raise that beautiful building wherein there is a daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving in the manner of our great cathedrals and richly endowed churches. Over twenty thousand pounds has already been spent on this fine specimen of early English architecture, and when the carving of the nave capitals, the erection of the splendid tower at the north-west angle, and other work yet to be done has been accomplished—and it assuredly will be—the Hook Memorial Church will stand out as one of the finest of the many new and grand ecclesiastical buildings Yorkshire possesses. The handsome stained glass in the east, the south chancel, the west, and four clerestory windows, all add greatly to produce that "dim religious light" which, coupled with the noble proportions of the building, the carved choir stalls, the fine organ, the earnest, devotional demeanour of the choristers, and the overflowing congregations, combine to produce a truly religious effect on the minds of all sincere and devout worshippers. The Sunday services are choral throughout. In the choir there are thirty boys (exclusive of probationers), four altos, six tenors, and seven basses, making a total of forty-seven efficient singers. These are all under the instruction and direction of the organist and choirmaster, Mr Fred. W. Hird, an old friend for whose talents and accomplishments we all entertain much respect and admiration. The regular choir—all voluntary—sing at the Sunday morning and evening services, and also on Wednesday and Friday evenings, after which there are general rehearsals or practices. The choir, who, with some of the elder boys, are communicants, attend the Choral Communion on the third Sunday in the month, and also at the early celebrations on the High Festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, certain saints' days, and especially on the Festival of the Dedication of the Church—All Saints' Day. The devotion of the choir to their work is as remarkable as their ability to sing; the members being regular in their attendance, and faithful and conscientious in the discharge of their duties. But they were trained to it even before the present noble edifice was built. The magic name of "Hook" attracted them to the old temporary wooden church, where they used to plunge into services and anthems of the most difficult and complicated character, sometimes landing themselves "on the other side of Jordan," but generally enjoying the satisfaction of singing faithfully and well "to the praise and glory of God."

When Archbishops Tait and York attended the opening festival services they visited this old wooden building, and so gratified was the former with the choir that at the request of his grace all the members came severally to him to receive his blessing, and finally his benediction. In addition to this regular choir, there is another supplementary one, established under the direction of Mr Thomas Coats, to supply the music at the first matins (9-15, a.m.) on Sundays, and at the children's service in the afternoons at 3-15, p.m. I regret that on my visit on Sunday morning (St Peter's Day) there was neither Service, Kyrie Eleison, Introit, nor Anthem—nothing, indeed, to let me know what the choir usually do, and I am assured can do, alone; especially when such anthems are sung as Wesley's "The Wilderness" and "O Praise the Lord," Purcell's "O Give Thanks," Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," Beethoven's "Hallelujah to the Father," and extensive excerpts from the best oratorios, &c.

It is the rule, I believe, at All Souls' to sing all the Canticles (excepting in Lent, when Best's setting of the *Benedicite* is given) to chants. The plan is no doubt intended to promote congregational singing, and to carry out the idea entertained by many of the clergy, that the Canticles (in parish churches at least) belong as much to the people as to the choir. And this was demonstrated on the occasion of my visit in a most unmistakable manner, for the congregation took the matter well into their own hands, and joined the

choir with fervent zeal throughout the whole of the service. Sometimes the two forces were not well together, and the "start" was not always good and exact; but when once the people got hold, they held fast with a tenacity and a vigour that would have delighted Mr Spurgeon himself. It would perhaps be an improvement occasionally to introduce service music to the Canticles, at any rate as regards that magnificent hymn, St Ambrosius' *Te Deum*, of which such splendid settings are to be found in the works of our best cathedral composers, in which every verse, every line, yes, and almost every word has its proper and appropriate expression. I am persuaded that the most unmusical person in the congregation, after listening to a setting by Smart or Wesley, would neither suffer from langour or tedium. The chants used for the *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*, though excellent as music, did not, especially the former, exactly suit the meaning and expression of the words—*exempli gratia*, in the verse—"Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers," and again, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father,"—surely such words as these should not be sung to a minor, but to a bright major strain.

The *Venite* and Psalms for the day (139, 140, and 141) were sung to chants by Frost, Turle, and Barnby—of which Turle's was by far the best, whilst Barnby's is pretty, and rather secular. The singing of the Psalms was admirable throughout—time, tune, clear enunciation, and considerable expression being alike to be admired and commended. The sweet, clear voices of the boys, led by Masters Holliday, Umpleby, Dodds, and Heath, and the sonorous tones of the basses here came out with telling effect, especially in the unison verses, of which I should like to have heard more. Again, the congregation joined with the choir, adding another proof that in such churches as the Hook Memorial people go now to church to worship for themselves, and not to listen to a substitute like the old defunct parish clerk. When the Psalm says "Come, let us sing," the congregations of these days believe in the Psalm, and will not read, nor will they permit any substitute to read or sing for them. It is, therefore, most important, as Mr Hird knows, that the chants should all be carefully selected, choosing those which have plain, simple melodies and pure, strong chords, which form the chain of church harmony, and above all avoiding such as have high reciting notes, or commencing on the major third above C the third space in the treble, and florid phrases. There is one point, however, in chanting the Psalms which I venture to think the congregation would do well to observe, and that is to sing *antiphonally* with the choir instead of joining with both sides, deani and cantoris. To accomplish this properly it might be desirable that most of the congregation should possess Psalters with the sides the choir take marked therein. The musical voice of the congregation was heard at its best in singing the hymns. Here they asserted their right and their power, and occasionally with so much vigour that the organist had to bring out the full power of his instrument to support the united voices of the choir and people. With rare exception all the hymns are selected from the popular "Ancient and Modern" collection, wherein there is much that is good, and certainly a sprinkling of that which is not good. But why take the tunes quite so fast? There is a *via media* in most things, and such a chorale as *St Ann's* loses much of its dignity and grandeur when sung at the speed it was—especially if wedded to majestic words like—

"The Son of God goes forth to war."

One of the hymns (No. 436, "Gloria"), good as it is for harmony, will oddly enough be found by any musical person to contain melodic phrases exactly like those in the old English song, "The Vicar of Bray."

There was both a Processional and a Recessional Hymn, the effect of these with such a large choir, well supported by the congregation and organ, being remarkably fine and impressive. Many conscientious persons object to these Processional and Recessional Hymns, but it must be remembered that it was an ancient custom of the Church, and not only so, but is in itself an act of praise and worship that gives tone, reverence, and solemnity to the beginning and ending of the services. The original use of the cathedral nave was that of preaching to the people, and walking up and down therein singing processional hymns. Soon after the Reformation the union of walking and singing fell into disuse, and as the people did not hear or did not relish what they heard, the pulpit was moved into the choir, and the nave became a sheepfold without shepherd and without sheep. Thanks to the awakened spirit of the times, and to the example set by churches like our Parish Church and All Souls', the nave of cathedrals has been restored to its original use. The Versicles, Preces, Litany, &c., are sung to what is called "Hill's Service"—a modification of the ancient *Durham Use*, introduced into our Parish Church service when Mr James Hill was choirmaster, during the first part of Dr Hook's reign. But they have been discontinued for some time, and those by the immortal

Tallis, of Queen Elizabeth's time, used instead. The former are comparatively weak, mostly in minor cadences, and are generally dragged by the choir, who sink in pitch considerably, especially in the Litany—which, by the way, was admirably intoned by the vicar, the Rev. Cecil Hook, the other parts being sung by the preacher, the Rev. B. R. Wilson.

The organ voluntaries and accompaniments were throughout admirably played by Mr Hird, whose good taste and technique were always apparent and acceptable. The march which he played at the conclusion of the service, and which he contributed some years ago to *The Organist's Quarterly Journal*, served at once to display his ability both as a composer and an executant. As before stated, the choir is entirely a voluntary one, though the boys have good conduct marks and corresponding payments—an admirable plan, producing excellent results.

The one grand point, however, in the success of All Souls', its services and its parish work, is the unselfish, enthusiastic devotion to their duties of all those connected with the Church, whether paid or unpaid. With the choirmen there is an *esprit de corps* of the most gratifying nature, several of its members, notably Mr John Dickson, Mr Jacob Hudson, Mr T. Rothery, Mr A. S. Newton, who reads the lessons so well, Mr J. J. Briggs, Mr Harry Wilson, and many others having expended much time and energy from the beginning in assisting to bring the services up to their present efficiency and popularity. All honour be to such men! They are pillars and bulwarks of the Church, and will assuredly have their reward. Already the congregation has cleared off their debt on the organ, and paid no less a sum than £1,500 altogether for the instrument, which deserves, and I hope some day will get, a better case. Of course, much of all this is due to the untiring zeal of such enthusiastic churchwardens as Mr G. O. Joy and Mr J. A. Arnold, who are assisted in their labours by the sidesmen, Captain Upton, Messrs Arthur Lawson, Thomas Tennant, Arthur Greenwood, and Messrs Howell and Trenham. The new vicarage and schools will cost a large amount, but already a considerable sum has been subscribed, and the work is shortly to be commenced on a piece of ground, bought for the purpose, on the south side of the edifice. Like the church of our forefathers, All Souls' is free and open—no pews, pew rents, no restriction, no vested rights. It is strange, passing strange, that after the experience and success of the free and open pew movement there should still exist those who object, and prefer the high pew, with its closed door and pent-up occupants. But the class of clergy—the Edification party, who, of course, help to continue these things—are fast passing away—the gallery and high-pew system with it. With the Edification party music formerly was no concern; the world was a lost world, and could be none the better for singing. Parsons were ordained to preach; the people were born to listen, possibly some day to be converted. To be devout was to show devotion to sermons, and devotion to sermons was a strong indication of being one of the elect. The elect only had a right to sing; but the services of the elect were of too solemn a character for music, i.e., good music of a high value. How different to this are the services at All Souls! Good music is here put to its proper use, and all whose affection and duty is valuable to the Church; all persons of sober and devout feelings; all who sincerely and anxiously endeavour to profit by all means offered by her for promoting their piety and devotion, in the several portions of public worship—all these will, I feel persuaded, join with one voice and one heart in gratitude if, by the reformation of the musical accompaniment of Divine service, so happily accomplished of late years, they enjoy privileges and intellectual happiness that will fit them better for the more perfect bliss of the Choir above.

WILLIAM SPARK, MUS.D.

J. J. WEISS AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE MAINE.

We take the following from our widely read contemporary, the *St James's Gazette*, and recommend it to our own liege subjects:—

"The impressions of travel which M. J. J. Weiss has been sending from Homburg and Frankfort to the *Journal des Débats* have been read with avidity east of the Rhine. As a rule, Germans, who are not particularly scrupulous in their comments on the affairs of their neighbours, are themselves abnormally sensitive to foreign criticism. Of praise from so competent an observer as M. Weiss, however, they may justly feel proud, especially when in dealing with theatrical matters he expresses the opinion that many of the provincial companies of Germany compare advantageously with those of the very first theatres of Paris, like the Vaudeville and the Gymnase. Referring to a piece of Hans Neurt's, which he saw performed at Frankfort by a Munich company, M. Weiss says that a rendering

so perfect in all its parts could hardly be expected from the troupes of either of the establishments in question. Much as M. Weiss was impressed by the "virtuosity" of the actors, he appears to have been no less struck with the virtue of the female members of the company. The remarks of the French critic on this point are very characteristic. 'In Germany,' he says, 'there seem to be many actresses leading respectable lives, getting married and spending their time between the stage and their domestic duties. One young Bavarian actress whom I had seen in Neurt's piece, I met in the grand foyer during the performance of *Don Juan*. I thought she was a *pensionnaire* of the Sisters of St Joseph, who, after finishing education, intended to take the veil. She walked in the garments of innocence—a cotton gown and a little straw hat which could not have cost more than a couple of francs.' The Innocence which dispenses with 'garments' of any kind being no longer possible, it is interesting to learn from a competent authority that in these days she robes herself in a cotton gown and a cheap straw hat."

What say ye to this, ye brothers Drexel, of the Hotel of Hotels?—Dr Blügel.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Operatic class gave two performances in costume, during the past week, of excerpts from the following operas:

On Tuesday, July 22, the performance consisted of the Scena e Coro from Gluck's opera, *Orfeo*.—Orfeo, Miss Susanna Fenn.

Trio from Balfe's operetta, *The Sleeping Queen*.—Maria Dolores (Queen of Leon), Miss K. Goodwin; Donna Agnes (a Maid of Honour), Miss Rose; Philippe D'Aguilar (a young exile), Mr Sinclair Dunn.

Trio from Rossini's opera, *William Tell*.—Matilde, Miss Quicke; Edwige, Miss Ellis; Jemmy, Miss Chapuy.

Scena from Donizetti's opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*.—Lucia, Miss Warburton; Alisa, Miss James.

First and second acts of Gounod's opera, *The Mock Doctor* (the English version by Charles Kenney).—Geronte, Mr Vaughan Edwardes; Lucinde (his Daughter), Miss Chapuy; Léandre (Lucinde's lover), Mr Sinclair Dunn; Sganarelle (the Mock Doctor), Mr Musgrove Tufnail; Martine (his Wife), Mrs Wilson-Osman; Jacqueline (Lucinde's Nurse), Miss Kate Goodwin; M. Robert, Mr Holt; Valere (Geronte's Servant), Mr Theo Moss; Lucas (Jacqueline's Husband), Mr W. Nicholl. Scenery painted by Mr Musgrove Tufnail.

Duet and Air from Weber's opera, *Der Freischütz*.—Agnes, Miss Quicke; Annie, Miss James.

Third act of Donizetti's opera, *Don Pasquale*.—Norina, Mrs Wilson-Osman; Malatesta (her Brother), Mr Vaughan Edwardes; Ernesto (her Lover), Mr Sinclair Dunn; Don Pasquale, Mr Moss.

On Thursday, July 24th, the Trio from Weber's opera, *Der Freischütz*.—Agnes, Mrs Wilson-Osman; Annie, Miss Susanna Fenn; Rodolph, Mr W. Nicholl.

Trio from Balfe's operetta, *The Sleeping Queen*.—Maria Dolores (Queen of Leon), Miss K. Goodwin; Donna Agnes (a Maid of Honour), Miss Rose; Philippe D'Aguilar (a young Exile), Mr Sinclair Dunn.

Scene from Wallace's opera, *Maritana*.—Don César, Mr W. Nicholl; Don José, Mr Theo Moss; Lazarillo, Miss Myers.

Trio from Spohr's opera, *Azor and Zemira*.—Zemira, Miss Kate Goodwin; Fatima, Miss Ellis; Lesbia, Miss Rose.

Second and third acts of Gounod's opera, *The Mock Doctor* (the English version by Charles Kenney).—Geronte, Mr Vaughan Edwardes; Lucinde (his Daughter), Miss Chapuy; Léandre (Lucinde's Lover), Mr Sinclair Dunn; Sganarelle (the Mock Doctor), Mr Musgrove Tufnail; Martine (his Wife), Mrs Wilson-Osman; Jacqueline (Lucinde's Nurse), Miss Kate Goodwin; M. Robert, Mr Holt; Valere (Geronte's Servant), Mr Theo Moss; Lucas (Jacqueline's Husband), Mr W. Nicholl.

Duet from Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*.—Caterina, Miss Chapuy; Prascovia, Miss Kate Goodwin.

Third act of Donizetti's opera, *Don Pasquale*.—Norina, Mrs Wilson-Osman; Malatesta (her Brother), Mr Vaughan Edwardes; Ernesto (her Lover), Mr Sinclair Dunn; Don Pasquale, Mr Theo Moss.

Accompanist, Mr Septimus Webbe; Dramatic Director, Mr G. Garcia; Musical Director and Conductor, Mr E. Fiori.

This class is open to composers, singers, and accompanists. Its object is to facilitate the study of the lyrical drama, by giving opportunity for practice under tuition in the three branches to which those pupils respectively devote themselves.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Despite the counter attractions of the Health Exhibition night fête, the Albert Hall was crowded by a fashionable audience who gathered round Mme Christine Nilsson at her concert on Wednesday evening. The name of the Swedish vocalist alone should suffice to attract a large audience, but when, in addition, the programme included the names of Mdle Marimon, Miss Hope Glenn, Mdmes Rose Hersee and Antoinette Sterling, Signors Parisotti and Foli, and Messrs Santley and Maas, no wonder every available place in the Hall was occupied.

Although there was not much novelty from a musical point of view, the excellent rendering of operatic airs and modern ballads well repaid a visit. Mme Nilsson was recalled after each of her performances, and had to repeat a new song, "Yes," by Mr Louis Engel, who accompanied her on the pianoforte. Among the instrumentalists were Mdle Eissler, violin; M. Hollman, violoncello; Mr W. Coenen, pianoforte (whose skilful rendering of Chopin's Polonaise in A flat must be specially noted), and Mr John Cheshire, harp. Mr Sims Reeves, although announced, was unable to sing, owing to indisposition, Mr Maas, in consequence, kindly gave an extra song, "Come into the garden, Maud." Messrs Sidney Naylor, Henry Parker, Raphael Roche, and W. Carter were the conductors, the choir of the last-named also taking part in the evening's entertainment. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh honoured the performance by their presence during part of the evening. Altogether, Mme Nilsson must have been thoroughly satisfied by her reception at, we believe, her first and only appearance in London this season. W. A. J.

ROSA KENNEY IN "PROOF."

The Theatre Royal, Cardiff, after having undergone alterations and improvements, was re-opened on Monday evening with Mr Burnand's adaptation of *Proof*. Mr Edward Fletcher—says the *Western Mail*—lessee of the theatre, gave a vigorous and life-like rendering of the part of Pierre Lorange, and was much applauded. The Count d'Aubeterre of Mr Arthur Fenwicke was a conscientious and careful piece of acting, and Mr E. J. George succeeded in making himself thoroughly amusing as Chamboran. The rather trying character of Valentin was played by Miss Rosa Kenney with admirable force and naturalness, the scene in which she fixes the guilt of murder on her father being especially well done. Miss Nellie Fletcher as Adrienne entered fully into the spirit of the part, and enlisted the sympathy of the audience in no small degree. The other characters in the drama were efficiently represented. The piece was mounted with that completeness and attention to detail which are always so conspicuous in Mr Fletcher's productions. Special mention should be made of the band, which has been strengthened and placed under the leadership of Mr Sidney Horner.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE STEWART CONCERT.

The University Choral Society gave their final concert for the season on Monday, June 22nd. Some time ago the society's committee resolved to organize a concert at which a selection from the sacred and secular works of their conductor, Sir Robert Stewart, should be given, and they found their task a pleasant one. Seldom at a June concert in College has so large a company assembled, and never did the fine hall look more brilliant. The doors at the end were opened wide, and many were compelled to find accommodation in the vestibule. As is the practice at the "Ladies' Concert," the National Anthem was sung at the outset, all present standing. At its close Sir R. Stewart signalled his band and chorus to commence the business of the evening, when there was a warm outburst of applause, which continued for some time. The band was almost entirely professional, and its performance was of such a character as to encourage the hope that under the best conditions a local orchestra might be constituted second to none in any town of the three kingdoms out of London.

The *Cantate Domino* and *Deus Misereatur*, from Sir Robert Stewart's "Cathedral Service in E flat," formed the first incidents in the programme. The members of the Cathedral choirs sang the verses, and the chorus showed their appreciation of the work. The spontaneous applause which followed the exceedingly spirited delivery of the splendid Glorias could not be restrained. Three duets, "Joy and Sorrow," "Harp that wildly wreathing," and

"Night hurrying on," exhibited the composer in another work, and then came the famous double quartet, "The Reason Why," which is such a special favourite of the Hibernian Catch Club; then followed a duet, "Oh, could I fly on morning's wings," and the first part concluded with one of Sir Robert Stewart's most effective part-songs, "The haymakers."

After an interval the band and chorus again took their places upon the platform. *The Eve of St John* was originally written for the University Choral Society, and to those familiar with its abounding beauties it has long been a matter of regret that it remained in manuscript. Last night, however, the chorus sang from the just published vocal scores. The libretto is from the pen of our countryman, Dr John Francis Waller. The incident is interesting, the *dramatis personae* strongly contrasted, and the story as a basis for a "romantic cantata" is excellent in construction and form. The overture, which, it may be mentioned, was recently performed at one of the Crystal Palace concerts, is a fine specimen of instrumental writing, compact, tuneful, and full of a bright and original imagination. The principal vocalists were Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Mary Russell, Mrs Scott-Fennell, Mr Walter Bapty, Mr Thomas Marchant, Mr North, and Dr Carte. We have not space to speak in detail of the performance, and it must be sufficient to say that it was of the highest merit. An encore was demanded for the ballad, "The Linden Tree," and it would have been repeated, no doubt, but for its length. Neither the Choral Society nor the composer have any reason to be dissatisfied with the interpretation of the *Eve* music. It charmed the audience with its elegant melody, changeful movement, and originality of construction. The concert was the most successful that the Choral Society have for some time given, and a fitting termination to a season in which they have made a decidedly forward step.—Abridged from the "Irish Times."

THE TWILIGHT OF LIFE.

There are flowers in your book, dear Mother,
Faded, ere and brown,
With silken threads they are woven, where
The leaves are turned down.
There are names within your book, dear,
Written long ago,
Dates of by-past years, and places
Where you loved to go.
There's a spot within the Churchyard,
Near the old mill-way,
Which you seek in tears and silence
At the close of day.

Tell me, Mother, tell your darling,
Why are these so dear, so dear?
Can it be because the twilight
Of your life is drawing near?

Yes, O yes, sweet memories linger
O'er those leaves and flowers;
Faded, broken, yet they are, love,
Treasures of past hours.
Ah, those names! what hallowed visions
Haunt my waking dreams,
Lighting up my pathway lonely
With Love's brightest beams.
O yes, my child, there is a spot
I seek in twilight gloom,
'Tis where you pluck the little daisies—
On your father's tomb.

But there is a time, my darling,
When the mists will clear away,
And the night give birth to morning
With the beams of fadeless day.

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J. H. A. HICKS.

The *Messa da Requiem* to be performed this year at Turin in memory of King Carlo Alberto is composed by Sig. Gaetano Grilli, professor at the Liceo Rossini, Pesaro.

An unpublished orchestral suite, *Pantomime et Ballet*, by Lavainne, director of the Conservatory of Music, Lille, has been well received at the Concerts du Wauxhall, Brussels.

CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOLARSHIP.—The competition for the musical scholarship annually given by the Directors of the Crystal Palace took place on Tuesday last, July 22. Miss E. M. Himing was the successful candidate. The judges were Mr August Manns and Mr Arthur O'Leary.

FOREIGN BUDGET.

BERLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—Advantage is being taken of the holidays to replace the old and very defective machinery under the stage of the Royal Opera-house with machinery more suited to modern requirements. —At Kroll's Theater, Regina Klein chose Gretchen in Gounod's *Faust* for her second character, and was much applauded. She has since appeared as Agathe in *Der Freischütz* and Amalia in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. —Plotow's three-act romantic opera, *Indra*, was performed on the 12th inst., at the Luisenstädtisches Theater. It may be regarded as a novelty for the present generation of Berliners, not having been heard here since 1857. It was first produced in Vienna on the 18th December, 1852, and then played in Berlin, at the Royal Opera-house, on the 22nd March, 1853, with a cast including Luise Köster, Josephine Tucek, Theodor Formes, Mantius, Kranse, and Zschiesche. The revival on the 12th inst. was successful. —The Berlin Wagner Association have arranged with the Philharmonic Society for two grand concerts this winter, one on the 5th December, and one on the 13th February, 1885, the anniversary of Wagner's death. They will, also, probably give four smaller concerts with piano only. —Following the example set them by the similar society at Strassburgh, the members of Male Choral Association, Cologne, will visit this capital before the commencement of their season, for the purpose of offering their vocal homage to their patron, the Emperor Wilhelm. They will, also, sing at some public concerts.

BADEN (near Vienna).—Baron Anton Von Klesheim, who wrote the words of the once famous song: "Wann's Mailüfterl weht," died here on the 6th inst., in his 73rd year.

MAYENCE.—The Tenth Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine, held here on the 6th, 7th, and 8th inst., went off admirably. The local Vocal Associations were reinforced by those from Bingen, Darmstadt, Giessen, Mannheim, Offenbach, Wiesbaden, and Worms, making up, in round numbers, a thousand singers, male and female. The orchestra numbered 150 performers, some belonging to this town, and others coming from Cassel, Darmstadt, Weimar, Wiesbaden, &c. The solo-singers were Marie Wilt, Hermine Spies, Emil Götzke from Cologne, and Joseph Staudigl from Carlsruhe, the whole being under the direction of Friedrich Lux, conductor. Beethoven's Overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses," and Handel's *Messiah* were performed on the first day. The compositions selected for the second consisted of a Dramatic Scene, *Coriolan* (Lux); "Triumphlied" (Johannes Brahms); setting of the 23rd Psalm for women's voices (Franz Schubert), scored by Reinecke; Aria from Mozart's *Entführung*—sung by Mme Wilt; Overture to Weber's *Euryanthe*; and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major. The programme on the third day was, as usual, of a miscellaneous character, and devoted more especially to the solo singers. As before stated, Herr Friedrich Lux was the conductor. In consideration of his merit as a composer, as well as of the services rendered by him for many years as director of the "Liedertafel" and the Ladies' Vocal Association, the Grand Duke of Hesse has conferred on him the Gold Medal for Art and Science, which was publicly handed to him by the Grand Duke's representative previous to the commencement of the first concert.

PARIS.—Poor Cœdès, the composer, who, it may be remembered, had to be confined, three years since, in an asylum, has died without recovering his reason. He was formerly musical prompter at the Grand Opera, and began by publishing short pieces for the piano, songs, &c. He then essayed the stage, but was not very successful. He wrote in succession *Le Bouquet de Lise*, one-act operetta, Folies-Bergère; *La Cocotte aux œufs d'or* (grand fairy spectacle, composed in conjunction with Hervé and Raipail) Menus-Plaisirs, 1873; *La Belle Bourbonnaise*, Folies-Dramatiques, 1875; and *La Girouette*, Théâtre Beaumarchais. Cœdès had a brother, who died a few months ago, also mad.

TURIN.—During his recent stay here, Verdi went to the Exhibition every day, and attended several concerts. Though he endeavoured to escape recognition, he excited the greatest curiosity, and was the continual object of demonstrations of the sympathetic and deep respect entertained for him by his fellow countrymen. One day, on his entering the music gallery, where an organ was being tried, he went, under the impression that no one had observed him, and took a seat in a remote corner, but the organist, who possessed good eyes, immediately struck up the melody, "Celeste Aida." Furious at being recognized, Verdi seized his hat and set out in search of a more retired spot. But the pianos, the harmoniums—in fact, all the instruments, hand-organs included, began to play, one after another, or all together, various pieces from his operas, in all kinds of rhythms and in all kinds of keys. Verdi was disarmed; he began laughing good-naturedly, and, while the various instruments were still keeping up their demonstrative din, innocently went and—seated himself

in a weighing chair. Five minutes afterwards all the visitors at the Exhibition knew that the composer of *Rigoletto* weighs exactly 70 kilogrammes 200 grammes.—*Étoile Belge*.

PORT ELIZABETH (ALGOA BAY).—At a concert given by Miss French at the Town Hall there was a large attendance of music lovers. The concert began with the late Sterndale Bennett's beautiful quartet, "God is a Spirit," sung with deep reverence by Misses French and Wallis, assisted by two gentlemen amateurs; two movements from one of Mozart's Sonatas for pianoforte were then played with effect by Miss French and Mr Longworth, Miss French doing full credit to the professor under whom she had studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London; Miss Wallis, a pupil of Mme Sainton-Dolby, followed by singing "He was despised," in which her rich voice, well cultivated and under thorough command, was heard to advantage; after the *aria*, Miss French played Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique in a thoroughly artistic style, winning hearty commendation; she subsequently gave with her sister, Miss Mary French, a duet for two pianofortes, composed by G. A. Osborne on airs from Gounod's *Faust*. Well deserved applause at the conclusion of this effective piece marked the appreciation of the audience. In the course of the evening songs were well rendered by the accomplished amateurs already heard in Sterndale Bennett's quartet, and Mr Longworth played a fantasia on the violin, accompanied by Miss French; Miss Wallis furthermore gave Gluck's "Che farò senza Euridice," which quite established her in the good opinion of the audience, who insisted on its being repeated. Miss French followed by playing in brilliant style Sir Julius Benedict's "Where the bee sucks;" Ganz's "Nightingale's trill," by Miss Mary French, and the part-song, "Good Night," sung by Misses Mary French and Wallis, assisted by the two accomplished amateurs already named, brought the concert to a successful termination, and the audience separated delighted with the evening's entertainment. The Misses French and Wallis have announced their intention of going to Natal on a concert tour. They will no doubt be heartily welcomed, and their exceptional talents duly appreciated.—(Correspondence.)

SYDNEY (NEW SOUTH WALES).—Miss Eva Thompson, associate of the Royal Academy of Music, London, has been giving a series of concerts here, assisted by Mme Marius and other clever artists. Miss Eva Thompson's name—says the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*—is familiar to most of the residents of Sydney. The extraordinary ability she displayed for music at an age when the average child is minding its doll attracted universal attention, and when it was announced that the young player was to receive a musical education in England, it was felt by all that an opportunity had been seized which it would have been folly to lose. Miss Eva Thompson has returned, after some years' hard work at the Royal Academy of Music, and now she invites a Sydney audience to judge of her advancement in the study of an art in which progress, even to the most accomplished, ever remains possible. It may at once be said that Miss Thompson attained success, and attained it legitimately. That her singing gained the greater share of applause is not surprising, for the art is one the effects in which are more easily comprehended by the untrained ear than are those produced by the skill of the instrumentalist. The *ars celare artem* is in itself a great gift, and Miss Thompson has it. At her first concert Miss Thompson gave Cowen's song, "Spinning," perfectly, gaining a hearty recall, and Donizetti's "In questo semplece" (*Betty*), which was also well received. There is no doubt Miss Eva Thompson will take a position here among musicians as a pianoforte player, although her singing will be the attraction with the general public. The principal pieces Miss Thompson played were Mendelssohn's "Variations sérieuses," followed by Schumann's "Arabesque," a Nocturne by Chopin, and Bach's Prelude from "Suites anglaises." Of these we liked best Miss Thompson's rendering of Bach's Prelude. Her execution is brilliant, and her manner at the pianoforte a lesson in itself.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—The last nights of *The Beggar Student* are announced; and on Saturday, August 2nd, a newly written and enlarged version of F. C. Burnand's popular burlesque, *Black-Eyed Susan*, is to be produced at the Alhambra, with original Music, especially composed by Mr Alfred Lee. Amongst the artists engaged are—Misses Mulholland, Bessie Bonehill, Kate Leamar, Katie Lee, Jessie Mayland, Nellie Douglas, Rose Moncrieff, and Bertie Venn; Messrs W. H. Lingard, G. Mudie, J. H. Jarvis, G. A. Honey, Fred Storey, T. Hodges, Stuart Paget, and Edwin Danvers. Included in the new programme will be two grand ballets, in which Mdles Pertoldi, Elliott, and Palladino, and the Brothers Griffiths (Grotesques) will appear. On Bank Holiday, Monday, August 4th, there will be a special morning performance, on which occasion half price only will be charged for admission.

MARRIAGE.

On July 22nd, at St. Michael's, Handsworth, Birmingham, by the father of the Bridegroom, WILLIAM HENRY, youngest son of the Rev. Canon BREKTON, Rector of St Mary's, Bedford, to SARAH, eldest daughter of JOHN AMBLER, Esq., Handsworth.

DEATH.

On Sunday, July 13th, at Hall Wurttemberg, JULIUS, last surviving son of the late Baron and Baroness VON HÜGEL, and grandson of Sir Julius Benedict, in his 22nd year.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884.

A Suggestion.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Why has J. L. Hatton never set to music the following lines of Professor Aytoun?—Yours faithfully,
THOMAS NOON GAD.

*Phairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish,
Marched into their land
To murder and to ravish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.*—AYTOUN.

[I am unable to answer our correspondent's query authoritatively. Just now I am apprised that the gifted composer of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," &c., &c., &c., is busily employed upon a song (patriotic for more than one reason), entitled, "A deep harbour for Margate," the words of which have been supplied by the doctors of the town. Whether the inspiring strains of our living Dibdin will produce the desired effect remains to be shown. I live in hope. If any one by his music can deepen Margate Harbour it is surely the revered "Jack Hatton" (the "Sultan" of the Tours—ask Mr Willert Beale). The doctors are with him, to a doctor, and among them Dr Blinge].

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Having had the good fortune, or misfortune, from whichever point of view the subject may be viewed, to have played a season of Wagnerian opera, under the able direction of the Prophet's high priest, Herr Richter, I feel myself in a position to offer a few remarks, I trust original, on the somewhat vexed question of "The Music of the Future." I now feel that I am, as it were, armed for the fray; and, my blood being up, I fearlessly rush into the conflict; while your kindness in inserting in your valuable journal, some years since, a *verbatim* reprint of a somewhat lengthy pamphlet of mine on the subject of "Encores," in addition to several earlier contributions, assures me of your willingness to place me in the van of the battle.

I should be the last man in the world to raise an argument on such a topic, my opinion being that music is a mere matter of taste. If I hear a certain musical composition and am pleased therewith, to me it is music; while to my friend on my right, to whom it has proved displeasing, it is not music, let critics say what they please to the contrary. Therefore, were all our musical dilettante, cognoscenti, and critics generally, honest and sincere in the expression of their opinions, and free from all bias, argument on such a subject would be useless and absurd. But, unfortunately, so many such persons are influenced by various extraneous circumstances, by interested or pedantic press criticism, by fashion, the vociferous applause of a packed or press-inspired audience, by feelings of personal or pecuniary interest, by some of the ten thousand occult influences of wealthy music-publishers, or by some of the innumerable

considerations apart from the actual effect on their relative organizations by the musical composition under consideration, that I feel justified in using the arguments usually employed by musical critics in the present instance.

Having, from the period of my first acquaintance with the "Music of the Future," as provided by Messrs Wagner, Brahms & Co., had the audacity to express a decided distaste for such music, and having cited such productions as *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *The Flying Dutchman*, &c., as illustrations of the causes of such distaste, and of the complete failure of Wagner's claim to realism, while I have ever been ready to acknowledge his great constructive ability, the grandeur of some of his combinations and the beauty of some of his few melodies, I was frequently informed by his admirers that it was impossible for me to correctly gauge his genius until I had heard his *Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*, &c. I have now become intimately acquainted with both those "colossal" works, and the effect has been to completely confirm me in the opinions I had previously entertained relative to the "Music of the Future."

I was informed, correctly enough as I have since discovered, that the "Prize Song" is one of the gems of the *Meistersinger*; wherefore, as I had long since heard and accompanied this gem some dozens of times, so as to be intimately acquainted with every note of it, I do not see that there was any great need of my hearing the opera before deciding on its merits. But I willingly accept this song, if so chaotic a composition may be correctly so called, as a test of Wagner's genius; as if serious fault can be found with this acknowledged choicest portion of this *chef d'œuvre*, the entire work must stand condemned. What, then, does this gem exhibit to our enraptured gaze? Upon close investigation I find a few bars of certainly very graceful melody, which melody, however, is so frequently repeated as to become at last absolutely tiresome, while the said melody is floated in, as it were, without the slightest attempt at form or rhythm; peculiarities of construction regarded as indispensable by such minor composers as Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c.; indeed every composition of Wagner suggests to my mind an extemporization by a clever pianist. Correct harmonies, elegant and musician-like phrases and subjects, but an entire absence of form and of a legitimate working-out of the various subjects propounded. Yet form, beauty of form, appears to me to be an essential quality in all things intended to gratify any of the senses. I much doubt if we should derive as much pleasure in eating from an ill-cut joint of beef as would be obtainable by partaking of one that had been properly carved and prepared; while a delicious perfume is rendered even more delicious when issuing from an exquisitely carved vessel or casket.

Then, when criticising the works of other composers, the complaint, seemingly a very serious one, is frequently made that the composition in question is over-instrumented; that is to say, that the accompanying instruments, when played judiciously and correctly, crush or drown the singer or melody. Now I defy any man to point out any other musical composition ever written which exhibits this great fault in a greater degree than does this same celebrated Prize-Song; for unless the singer thereof shouts at the top of his voice from beginning to end, while the accompanists play all their *fortissimi pianissimo*, it is utterly impossible to hear the former. And this, I find, is one of Wagner's most frequent faults.

Indeed, it would almost appear as if he regarded the voice as subordinate to the instruments, to be used as a mere accompaniment to the latter; for one seldom hears a melody or subject from the stage. Usually the subject is performed by the instruments, while the singer sustains some notes of the harmonies, which, if sung alone, would be simply absurd. This peculiarity is particularly observable in *Tristan*, wherein it would, I believe, be impossible to discover two bars of a vocal part that would be listened to by any living soul, if divorced from the orchestral and scenic accessories.

Then I am informed by those who are supposed to be the best informed on the subject that Wagner's speciality is *realism*; that is to say, he avoids all that is absurd, unreasonable, or inconsistent, such as he says is so observable in the operas of Donizetti, Bellini, &c. But I ask any reasonable man if there be not something exceedingly unreasonable, not to say absurd, in the fact of every instrument in the orchestra (I am not sure of being able to include the tympani) and every character on the stage playing and singing various portions of this same "Prize-Song" from the very beginning to the very end of the opera! The said song is supposed to be written for the purpose of gaining a prize, the hand of the heroine, the awarding of which does not take place till the very end of the opera, until which time, of course, no one is supposed to have heard one note of the composition. Under such circumstances, while it might be reasonable enough for the tenor (its composer) to occasionally sing a few bars of the song early in the opera, and for an intimation of it to be given in the orchestral introduction, it cannot

be "realistic" to cause it to issue from the throats of every member of the *dramatis persone* from the very commencement of the opera, they being supposed to have never heard a note of the composition. Yet this is what Wagner has done in his *chef-d'œuvre*, *Die Meistersinger*.

But I fear I am trespassing too much on your valuable space, so will conclude by asking your permission to add a few remarks on this subject in your next issue, including a suggestion as to the cause of this terrible irruption of "The Music of the Future."

In the meantime, I remain, Sir, yours truly,

THOMAS REYNOLDS.

PARSIFAL.

(From a Bayreuth Correspondent.)

The first performance of *Parsifal* took place yesterday, and the theatre was crowded, the audience containing many famous people. Joachim, Wilhelmj, and Liszt were there. The artists engaged to play are about the same as last year. Every year a little change occurs. In 1883 Marianne Brandt disappeared, as did Hill, who had played Klingsor, and Jaeger, one of the *Parsifals*. Now, I am sorry to say, Degele is no longer on the scene. Last year he made an impression as Klingsor, with which that created by Fuchs in the same part cannot be compared. Fuchs is a good artist, but lacks power. The other characters were sustained by Materna, Winkelmann, Scaria, and Reichmann. As a general rule, artists who make a professional tour in America return to the old world with as much artistic loss as pecuniary gain. These just named, however, are exceptions. I do not know how much money they have brought back, but whatever the sum may be it has not cost them too dear. Winkelmann's voice has actually increased in strength and fulness since last year; the Atlantic breezes seem to have freshened it. Materna is another example to prove that a course of Wagnerian declamation does not necessarily imply ruin of the vocal organ, and Scaria is as robust as ever. Yet it cannot be said that the performance went entirely without hitch. The gong-like bells in the first and third acts are always a source of anxiety, and on this occasion they must have troubled the conductor not a little, for he had to hurry or slacken the march movement according to them and, in one place, simply scramble over a couple of bars in order to keep everything together. These were spots in the sun. Taken as a whole, the performance was great, and the effect on the audience, though not quite becomingly manifested, proportionately deep.

Those who have any understanding of the significance of *Parsifal* are not excited, they are subdued by the poem and music. But in these large audiences there is an element consisting of people who, seeing nothing but a sensational *mise-en-scène*, give vent to their feelings in a manner positively inclement. Until this can be amended perfect enjoyment is impossible to those who have some sense of the fitness of things.

W. H. E.

Bayreuth, July 22nd.

ETIN.—It has been decided that the Monument to be erected to Carl Maria von Weber, in this his native place, shall be inaugurated on the 18th December, 1886, the hundredth anniversary of his birth. A committee has been appointed to collect subscriptions and make all necessary arrangements.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA.—The will of Sir Michael Costa (proved by his executors, Messrs Henry Bromley Heath and William Henry Husk, on the 18th ult.), comprises, among other matters of interest, the following, which immediately concerns the British Museum.

"The testator bequeaths the silver testimonial group presented to him by the Birmingham Festival Committee on the occasion of the production of his oratorio of *Elä*, the silver testimonial presented to him on the occasion of the Handel Festival, 1859, the two gold snuff boxes severally presented to him by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Wellington, the three conductor's batons presented to him by the gentlemen of the opera chorus, the Glasgow Choral Society, and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and a bronze bust of himself, to the trustees of the British Museum, to be placed together in a case in some conspicuous part of the building; and the original manuscript scores of his musical compositions, to be placed in the library of the Museum."

CONCERTS.

MISS RICHARDSON, a vocalist who has recently arrived from Milan, gave a concert on Friday, July 18th, at Messrs Collards' concert room. Miss Richardson, who has a powerful mezzo-soprano voice, sang effectively a "Stornello" by Scontrino, "O buy my flowers," by Wellington Guernsey, a new song entitled "Edwin Grey," and a duet with Miss Meason. Miss Meason gave "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" and "The Banks of Allan Water" with genuine expression; Mr Stewart Carleton, Wellington Guernsey's serenade, "Wake, Linda, wake," and "A last good-night," and created a marked effect in both; while Mr Gerard Coventry rendered Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" so much to the satisfaction of his audience that they willingly would have had it repeated. The two songs by Pontet and Hutchinson, although very well sung by Mr John Cross, were hardly "up to the mark." Mr Nicholas Mori began the concert with one of his own compositions (an overture arranged for the pianoforte), and subsequently played his effective solo entitled "Frederika." Miss Bertha Brouil (violinist) played a "Romance" by Joachim, as well as Donavitz's "Hungarian Dance;" and Miss Agnes Bartlett (pianist), a pupil of Liszt, played Chopin's Ballad (Op. 47), an Allegro Brillant composed by herself, and other compositions. Mr Nicholas Mori accompanied the vocal and instrumental solos with his usual ability.

SIGNOR CARLO DUCCI gave a *matinée musicale* at the Clarendon Galleries, New Bond Street, on Thursday, July 17, having for associates M^{me} Mathilde Zimeri, Miss Carlotta Elliott, Signora Alice Barbi, Signora Friggeri, M^{lle} Baldi, M^{me} de Monaco and de Lara (vocalists); Mr John Thomas (harp); M. Brandoukoff (violin); and two accomplished lady amateurs (pianists), one of whom played with Signor Ducci Saint-Saëns' "Marche Heroïque," and the other (the Hon. Miss Ella Scarlett), Lysberg's *Morceau de Concert* on airs from Mozart's *Don Juan*. Signor Ducci's solos were Schubert's "Sérénade," transcribed by Liszt, and Weber's Polacca. Signor Ducci, Junior, contributed pieces by Bach and Henselt, together with his own clever "Tziganesca," and Mr John Thomas his charming harp solo, "Autumn," as well as Parish-Alvars' "Danse des Fées." The rooms were crowded.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—The inexpressibly sad news of the death of Herr F. W. Elsner will be heard with extreme regret, not only in Dublin, where he was so well known and so highly esteemed, but throughout the whole country, since his reputation as an able and highly cultivated professor and performer was general. So long had the deceased gentleman resided here, so thoroughly was he identified with the profession of music in Ireland, as a master in the Academy of Music, a private teacher, member of the Dublin Musical Union, and a violoncello soloist of great eminence and ability, that he came to be regarded almost as an Irishman. It is many years since Herr Elsner settled in Dublin: almost at once his merits as a teacher and an orchestral player were recognized. Later he made his mark as a solo performer, and speedily established a solid reputation. At the same time that his professional qualities gained recognition, his engaging manner, simplicity, modesty and straightforwardness, joined to a bright, genial, and most amiable temperament, gained him hosts of friends, who now deplore his loss. With his deeply afflicted wife and the members of his family there will be deep and general sympathy. It will be very hard to find anyone to replace the lamented professor, whose loss will be keenly felt in Dublin musical circles, public and private.—*Irish Times*.

NOTTINGHAM.—The successful candidates in the theoretical examination of the Society of Professional Musicians, held in Nottingham on June the 21st, were the following:—*Junior Division.*—First Class—Miss Felkin, 100; R. Oldershaw, 100; Florence A. Pemberton, 95; Ada Oliver, 95; Lilian Johnson, 93. Second Class—Martha R. Wooton, 84. *Intermediate Division.*—First Class—G. Johnson, 98; M. Evans, 92. Second Class—Miss Woodroffe, 88; H. G. Sherwin, 82. Third Class—Amy Woodhouse, 70; George T. Gisby, 62. *Senior Division.*—First Class—Annie E. Short, 96. Second Class—Annie P. Partridge, 88; Carlotta J. Margue, 86; Annie Douglass, 86; Mary E. Ripworth, 86; Ethel Hick, 85; William B. Sissling, 79; N. B. Clark, 81. Third Class—Teresas Hicks, 71. *Advanced Division.*—Second Class—Miss Rawson, 77. The numbers attached to the names are the marks awarded to the respective candidates. The distribution of certificates will take place in October.—*Daily Guardian*.

CHELTEMHAM.—The pupils of our talented townsman, Mr Ricardo Linter, gave an interesting pianoforte recital on Saturday last, at the Montpellier Rotunda, the invitations to which were accepted by a large number of their musical friends. The programme embraced

selections by the best composers, and contained several charming *morceaux* by Mr Linter himself. These were in nearly every case well and brilliantly rendered. It would be invidious to make comparisons, but we may, perhaps, be permitted to express our especial pleasure at the performance of Miss Crearer, Miss Finnimore, and Miss Darcy, the latter being prominent with a charming arrangement of Scotch airs, by Mr Linter, entitled "Echoes of Scotland." A very delightful performance was that of Mr Linter himself, who, towards the close of the recital, gave his "Funeral March," composed upon the lamented death of the late Duke of Albany, and also a brilliant piece, "Orange Blossoms," both rendered with the expression and easy execution for which he is deservedly famous. The "Marche Funèbre" is not only an artistic and sympathetic tribute to the Prince, in memoriam of whom it is written, but a valuable addition to the very small number of compositions of the class which exist in the musical world. It is written in the key of G major, from which it modulates most effectively into the relative minor, reverting again to the original key, the solemn concord of which are peculiarly adapted to express the "condolence" intended to be conveyed in the movement which follows, and which is slightly varied with charming effect. Chords are here introduced, marked *adagio*, with much taste, suggestive of the organ, and the muffled roll of the drums of the distant band prelude the return of the "Marche," which then proceeds sweetly and sadly until lost in some finely modulated progressions to its close. We sincerely congratulate Mr Linter upon his clever production, recommending our musical friends to add this beautiful composition to their repertoire.—*Cheltenham Examiner*.

WIESBADEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

J. de Swert has been playing here to the great delight of his admirers. Subjoined is a notice from one of the leading papers:

"The second concert of the Grand-Ducal Orchestra presented us with a highly satisfactory programme. It opened with the overture to J. de Swert's opera, *Die Albigenser*, played with much spirit, under the direction of the composer himself, who was received with tumultuous applause. After some entracte music from *König Manfred*, by Reinecke, Jules de Swert, accompanied by the orchestra, performed a grand Concerto for the Violoncello. It is impossible to say anything more of his technical skill and virtuoso-like style than that they exhibited both in the best light. From Rheinberger's *Wallenstein's symphonie*, given in its entirety at the opening of the new Grand-Ducal Theatre, two numbers, *Wallenstein's Lager* and the *Capuzinerpredigt*, were brilliantly executed by the orchestra. De Swert then played a 'Romance' by Tschakowski as well as a *Moment Musical* by Franz Schubert, arranged by himself as solos for the violoncello. He was immensely successful, being obliged to repeat the last piece."

This corroborates what was said some time since by another critic, who wrote as follows:

"The hero of yesterday's concert at the Kursaal was Jules de Swert. What can be said of this great violoncellist which has not been said a hundred times in terms of superlative praise? We may truly assert that Jules de Swert possesses technical virtuosity, setting at defiance all attempts to describe it, conception, and execution, which always stamp him as a genuine artist, in little and great things equally accomplished. Whoever heard him on the present occasion will agree with me! It even struck me that he was striving to outdo all his former efforts. At any rate, his performance has, on the whole, become still more harmonious than it was, so that he now represents a refined, homogeneous, and perfect individuality. There is, however, one thing which we would particularly emphasize in his case: his tone is purity itself. The most delicate ear cannot detect the slightest wavering of intonation, even when he indulges in the most trying difficulties. His programme consisted of his own beautiful C minor Concerto, with solos by Chopin, Bach, and Popper, to which, in answer to unanimous demand, he added Schubert's *Moment Musical*."

SAINT-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE.—Mme Halévy, widow of the composer of *La Juive* and *L'Eclair*, died here the week before last. She had great talent as a sculptor and to her is due the bust of her husband which adorns the saloon of the Opéra-Comique, Paris. She leaves two daughters, the younger of whom married the lamented Georges Bizet. Mme Halévy was in receipt of a pension of 5,000 francs, granted by the Government as a mark of respect to her deceased husband.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

On the 14th inst., the day of the National Fête, the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique were, as usual, open gratuitously. It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that they were crowded to suffocation. At the first-named house, *La Favorite*, with Mlle Richard, was the opera selected. It was followed by the ballet of *Coppélia*, with Mlle Soubra. The programme included also the "Marseillaise," sung by M. Boudouresque, who was dressed as Rouget de l'Isle, and surrounded by Spanish nobles, grouped before a Swiss landscape, with a view, no doubt, of imparting a correct local colour to the national and patriotic melody. At the Opéra-Comique the programme comprised *Le Postillon du Longjumeau* and *La Fille du Régiment*. Here, too, the "Marseillaise" was sung, but with far greater effect than at the Opéra, by M. Mouliérat, who played the part of Tonio.

Previously to closing the doors of his theatre for the season, or, rather, for the holidays, M. Carvalho brought out, on one and the same evening, three new one-act comic operas. It is not often that a manager treats his patrons to three novelties in one night. But M. Carvalho, it is said, has a reason for what he does. By the terms of his agreement—or, as it is called here, *cahier des charges*—he is bound to produce ten new acts annually, and a certain number of these acts must each constitute in itself a separate work. But M. Carvalho is not partial to one-act operas, so, according to report, he accepts the first that come to hand, and is not displeased should the public pass an unfavourable verdict upon them. If the charge against him is just he will certainly not complain of the manner in which his last three one-act novelties were received. They consisted of *Le Baiser*, book by M. Henri Gillet, music by M. Adolphe Deslandres; *L'Enclume*, book by M. Pierre Barbier, music by M. Georges Pfeiffer; and *Partie carrée*, book by M. Delassus, music by M. Lavello. M. Gillet's book is of the flimsiest description, and treats of a certain philtre, which has the power of causing unfortunate lovers to forget their woes. Such a book is not calculated to inspire the composer, and, with one or two exceptions, the music of M. Deslandres is as unsatisfactory as the book. The subject of M. Pierre Barbier's libretto may be summed up in a few words: A young painter loves a blacksmith's daughter, but the father will not give her to any but a member of his own trade. So the lover, with a rapidity reflecting the greatest credit upon his intelligence and technical skill, forthwith masters all the mysteries connected with the anvil, and espouses the object of his affections. M. Pfeiffer has fitted this short story with a musician-like score, which, however, is somewhat too serious, and, in certain parts, rather too long. The best pieces in it are an air for the bass and a duet between the soprano and the tenor. The artists were MM. Mouliérat, Belhomme, and Mlle Vial. Perhaps the libretto of the *Partie carrée* is even more rapid and uninteresting than that of *Le Baiser*, and, in attempting to set it to music, the composer undertook a hopeless task. Long before the fall of the curtain a goodly portion of the audience had quitted the theatre. So much for M. Carvalho's three one-act novelties.

It is rumoured that M. Salvayre's new work, *Egmont*, will not be produced at the Opera in April as originally intended, but be held back until the following October, which is certainly a better time. The run of a new work brought out in April is very soon interrupted by the heat of the weather, and the absence of the principal artists, who then go away for their holidays. Were the production of *Egmont* postponed till October, M. Vaucorbeil might revive Gluck's *Armide*, according to his promise, or Mozart's *Barbiere*. Among other works, by the way, which he is said to contemplate introducing to the public, is Litolf's *Templier*, declared by all who have heard it to be a very fine composition.

M. Maurel will re-open the Théâtre-Italien towards the end of October. The season will be inaugurated by Mme Adeline Patti in *La Traviata*, the cast of which will include, also, M. Nicolini and the Manager himself. Somewhat later, Mme Sembrich will appear, probably in *I Puritani* and *Die Entführung*.

Mme Marie Roze having been pronounced by her physicians, Dr Barnes and Dr Waterhouse, sufficiently convalescent to travel, will leave London for Ireland to-day. Mme Roze has decided not to appear again in public this season.—*Times*.

FIDELIO.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am either at plain issue with Dr Finch, or fail to grasp his meaning. The plain fact is this: In the guise of a romantic story Beethoven treated what are perhaps the most powerful motives of human passion, conjugal love and the love of freedom. The coupling of those two motives may provoke the cynical smile of certain philosophers, and the simple French story which led to *Fidelio* may seem, in the opinion of ordinary poets and tone-poets, little adapted to the intense expression of Art. But Beethoven was singular. The Philistine notions which govern grooves had nothing to do with him, and following the promptings of his nature he did not consider what subject traditional custom might dictate as proper or improper for dramatic treatment. With ordinary poets, the wine of love is supposed to become, after marriage, a very homely household sort of liquor, something like vinegar, as Byron, in *Don Juan* humorously hints, saying also:

"Things change their name at such a rate;
For instance, passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious."

Beethoven, however, was unlike other geniuses, and he chose conjugal fidelity for his theme as Homer had chosen it before him. The pain of solitary imprisonment to which, in *Fidelio*, he gives such deep and pathetic expression, may be understood to signify the gloomy material bars and obstacles to the satisfaction of his yearning for home happiness. How otherwise, then, could I have expressed myself?

FELIXMARTE OF HYRCANIA.

["Conjugal love"—good; but in the *Odyssey*, not in (what Hobbes of Malmesbury styles) the "Iliads"; for though Helen of Troy and Penelope of Ithaca were both old women at the period intended by the poet (or poets), they were women of otherwise wide disparity, differing from each other as sharply as Paris and Ulysses. What they may have been as blushing maids their historiographers forbear to teach us.—*Otto Strub.*]

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING IN DOVER.

To the Dover Choirmasters.

GENTLEMEN,—It is because I appreciate very highly the work in which you are engaged that I have hesitated to address you. I am nothing if not critical, and choirmasters do not like to be criticised. I must, however, at the risk of being disagreeable, say that the public service of song in the churches of Dover is far from perfection. A distinguished preacher having asked an actor why it was that people paid more attention to utterances from the stage than from the pulpit, replied, it is because from the pulpit they make truth appear like fiction, while from the stage we make fiction appear like truth. It is doubtless for a similar reason that the singing of the concert hall is more attractive than that of the sanctuary. The quality wanting to improve congregational singing is chiefly earnestness; vocal power and musical training there must be to produce good results, but with the facilities now existing for acquiring those accomplishments, not only choirs but whole congregations could obtain them in a considerable degree in a few weeks, if the choirmasters were in earnest, and had the power to infuse their earnestness into choir and congregation. Nothing could be more depressing than the ordinary way church music is rendered in Dover. Now and then by chance an old favourite hymn and tune are chosen, and the whole assembly having taken it up, a spirit of earnestness in the service of song spreads like contagion throughout the congregation. But this is rare. The tunes and hymns generally chosen are stiff and formal, the sole aim of the choir appearing to be to gallop through them as quickly as possible, the congregation simply standing open-mouthed spectators of the race, being very glad when it is over. This ought not to be. In an age when music is really loved, and when musical ability is so widely diffused, its wonderful power should be utilized to fill all the seats in places of worship. Who is to blame? Of course, not you, choirmaster! You will tell us it is the fault of clergy or congregation, or the two combined. No doubt there is blame on all sides, but the responsibility rests on choirmasters. If you would know how that responsibility is discharged you should once in a while entrust your duties to substitutes, and take your places among the congregation. That which you would hear and feel in such a situation (supposing you blessed with a love of congregational singing) would be the best possible stimulant. I am well aware that choirmasters have their trials. First from the clergy. At one time they

will be so interested in your work as to be almost meddlesome and fussy, while at another time, when you would like their support, they are indifferent. They will spring upon you a new hymn and tune book, and expect it to be used as readily as one with which not only the choir but the congregation is familiar. At one time they will leave you to select your own hymns and tunes, as though they "cared for none of these things," while at another they insist upon your having certain hymns, whether the choir and congregation are able to sing them or not. You have trouble, too, from your choirs. Those who require training most will not come to practice, their ideas of choir members' duty being that of exhibiting themselves somewhat irregularly on a Sunday without regard to vocal efficiency. Others who do come to practice "will talk, you know." An impression seems to prevail in this class that it is either a mistake or an accident that they are not choirmasters themselves, or they think that at least they should be assistants; consequently the simplicity necessary for receiving instruction is entirely overlooked. Then I have no doubt your choirmasters find your congregations in many cases a source of trouble. Not having been taught to sing your Anthems and "Te Deums" properly, and on the other hand not having been trained to sit quiet like an audience at a sacred concert, they will persist in coming in with wrong accent, or wrong expression, and sometimes in the wrong place. I know it must be trying to a sensitive choirmaster, when his choir is doing an effective "rest," to hear some intrusive member of the congregation filling up the time. But, irrespective of all these drawbacks, I must say that the greatest hindrance to the advance of good congregational singing lies in you choirmasters. In some cases you are too clannish. Your idea seems to be that certain people can sing and should sing, and that all outside a narrow circle are hopeless subjects; consequently you drone on from year to year with a miserably inefficient choir, who make the service of song a byword. Then you have crotchets. Some of you taboo that grandest power, the voices of women, attempting to make up the deficiency by introducing boys, some young and troublesome, and none as effective as the voices they are intended to represent. In other cases you (or the clergy) show questionable taste in the selection of hymns and tunes. You frequently choose hymns intended to be used by a single person under peculiar circumstances, but ridiculous for congregational use; and not unfrequently the tunes which you select have difficult accidental half-notes and queer turns, which make the grand roll of congregational singing impossible. Your great fault, however, seems to be that you forget you have to lead the congregation. After all, your organ and choir are but a development of the precentor's pitch-pipe, and your only aim should be to make the congregation sing. This you seem never to attempt, and until you do I have little hope of improvement in the existing state of things.

JUNIAS.

NEW ORGAN AT THE ORATORY.

The following is the description of the new organ in the Oratory, Brompton, built by Bishop & Son:—

GREAT ORGAN, CC to A, 58 NOTES.—Sub-open diapason, 16 feet; open diapason, 8; gamba, 8; clarabella, 8; harmonic flute, 8; stopped diapason, 8; principal, 4; wald flute, 4; twelfth, 2½; fifteenth, 2; block flute, 2; sesquialtera, IV ranks (various); mixture, III (various); posaune, 8; clarion, 4.

SWELL ORGAN, CC to A, 58 NOTES.—Double diapason, 16 feet; open diapason, 8; salicional, 8; rohr flute, 8; voix célestes, 8; principal, 4; fifteenth, 2; sesquialtera, III ranks (various); mixture, III ranks (various); contra fagotto, 16; corneopean, 8; oboe, 8; clarion, 4.

CHOIR ORGAN, CC to A, 58 NOTES.—Bourdon, 16 feet; sub-dulciana, 16; open diapason, 8; dulciana, 8; stopped diapason, 8; metallic flute, 8; viol di gamba, 8; geigen principal, 4; hohl flute, 4; flauto traverso, 4; fifteenth, 2; harmonic piccolo, 2; dulciana mixture, III ranks (various); bassoon, 8; bassoon bass, 8; Cremona, 8.

SOLO ORGAN, CC to A, 58 NOTES (enclosed in swell box).—Flûte harmonique, 8 feet; lieblich gedact, 8; tuba mirabilis, 8; tuba clarion, 4; vox humana, 8.

PEDAL ORGAN, CCC to F, 42 NOTES.—Contra open diapason, 32 feet; open diapason, metal, 16; open diapason, wood, 16; violone, 16; bourdon, 16; principal, 8; violoncello, 8; fifteenth, 4; sesquialtera, III ranks (various); mixture, III ranks (various); bombardon, 16; clarion, 8.

COUPLERS, &c.—Solo to swell; solo to great; solo to pedals; swell to choir; swell to great; swell to pedals; choir to great; choir to pedals; great to pedals; pedal octave; tremulant to swell; tremulant to solo.

Total number of pipes, 4,106. 4 composition pedals to great organ; 4 to choir; 3 to swell; 3 to pedals; 1 great to pedals on and off.

Patent pneumatic action to great organ and couplers. Reversed keyboard, with long action. Blown by a 3½-horse gas engine, supplying five different pressures of wind. The engine and feeders are placed in the crypt, about 30 feet below the organ.

HERR ELSNER.

We deeply regret to announce the death, through a melancholy accident, of Herr F. W. Elsner, who for many years has held a foremost position in Dublin musical circles, and whose high reputation as an artist was known throughout the kingdom. It appears that Herr Elsner, accompanied by his wife, left the North Wall by the express steamer *Lily* on Tuesday evening, July 15, for the purpose of proceeding to Germany on his annual and well-earned holiday. He was seen off at the boat by his daughter, and amongst his acquaintances on board was Professor Jack, of the Queen's College, Cork, who was one of the last persons who saw him. The sea was very rough, and the weather stormy on the cross-Channel passage. Herr Elsner became so ill that he frequently had to quit the saloon and go on deck. When then observed he appeared to be suffering acutely from sea-sickness. No particular notice was taken of this circumstance, but all trace of the unfortunate gentleman is lost from 10 o'clock. When the steamer reached Holyhead Mdme Elsner anxiously inquired for her husband, but no one had seen him for more than an hour before. He did not arrive at Holyhead, and the only way to account for his disappearance was that during the storm he must have been, in his weak condition, suddenly dashed against the side of the ship and fell overboard. Mdme Elsner and her family have made the most strenuous efforts to obtain tidings of the distinguished musician, but they have been of no avail. Placards containing an accurate description of him have been published, and photographs displayed about Holyhead, but no tidings have been gleaned. There is, therefore, every ground for the apprehension that Herr Elsner could not have long survived in the angry sea on a pitch dark night. Inquiries have been made along the coast and from passing ships, but no information can be obtained, and a reward is now offered for the recovery of the body. The sad news will be heard with heartfelt sorrow by the very many friends of Herr Elsner, not only in Ireland, but in England and Scotland, and the deepest sympathy is expressed for his bereaved widow and family.—*Irish Times*, July 19.

The Musical Year.—A book of the greatest utility to musicians, and of practical interest to all lovers of music, is Mr Joseph Bennett's careful chronicle of *The Musical Year*, 1883 (Novello, Ewer & Co.), which is succinctly and truly described as "a record of noteworthy musical events in the United Kingdom, with a reprint of criticisms on many of them." With regard to the reproduction of articles which, as will be seen, have appeared in rapid succession in this journal, Mr Bennett says: "Indulgent readers of the articles which it has been my duty to write for a great daily paper have often asked me to collect and publish them in book form. I have looked with disfavour on this request, being in doubt whether the conditions of newspaper criticism are compatible with the production of that which is really worth preserving. When, however, it was suggested that my articles might appear as part of a modest chronicle of the year's doings, no objection was possible." The modest demurrer, indicated in these words, to a reprint of criticisms written necessarily in hot haste, has, we are bound to say, little application to the matter and manner of Mr Bennett's writings. Whether the time bestowed on them be short or long, the principles on which their judgments are formed have entered so thoroughly into the author's artistic faith that the soundness of those judgments can in no case be materially affected by haste. A proof of this is found in the fact that these reprints are, when read at a considerable distance of time from their original publication, distinguished by a calmness and temperance not incompatible with pungency, grace, and ease. The true journalist is he who needs no indulgence on the score of haste; and Mr Bennett has convincingly shown himself a master of the swift modern art which includes among its essential requirements the habitual, momentary, and unflinching response of accurate expression to the writer's thought—a flash and a shot. There is no random firing in Mr Bennett's critical battery. His aim is always definite, his range assured, and his hit palpable. We therefore congratulate him and his many readers on the determination which overcame his first repugnance to a collection of his twelve-months' criticisms in a handy and readable—we may well say re-readable—volume. Many of his views are well known; but they are more clearly demonstrated in a book than in scattered indications of their general or particular purport. The form and method of this concise and systematic record may be regarded as the promise of an annual series; and it will be a widely beneficial service to music and its disciples if the year 1884, and many years to come after it, shall be as ably and instructively chronicled by the same earnest critic and accomplished man of letters.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Waifs and Strays.

MUSIC—A MODERN POLITE CONVERSATION (1737).

COMMUNICATED BY L. L. L.

MISS FIDGET. Why, was you there? Lord! I am the most unfortunate creature—all that day I was ill with a violent pain in the head. It always happens so when I am to go anywhere. Well! if ever I make another engagement—Oh! Miss Trifle, when are you and I to go to the new opera? Will you go next Saturday?

MISS TRIFLE. Lord! Mem, I have seen it.

MISS F. Indeed! and how do you like it?

MISS T. Oh! most violently! the finest thing!—'tis full of *Adagio*.

MISS F. Oh! that dear *Adagio*! I am charmed with the *Adagio*, 'tis so quick and nimble, and keeps up one's spirits. I detest anything dull. Lord! what do you think I heard last night?

MISS T. Lord! what? I don't know.

MISS F. Though I swear I don't believe there's anything in it.

MISS T. Well! but what?

MISS F. Why, that Farinelli is going away.

MISS T. Oh, good!—I hope not. I would not have him go without seeing him once more in *Artisursi** for all the world.

MISS F. Oh! that's the sweetest song in that dear opera, that begins "*Sunkinevi chitata*."†

MR SPRITELY. Oh! that's Miss Fairlove's favourite song; she's always humming it.

MISS F. Lord! Mr Spritely, she can't sing; I never heard anybody make such a terrible noise in my life.

MR S. I assure you, Mem, she learns of Dr Pepusch; he comes home to her three times a week.

MISS F. Indeed! well I think the money and time too are thrown away upon her.

MISS EDGING. Pray have you heard the new singer?

MISS F. No, but I will to-morrow night; pray, how do you like him?

MISS E. I don't know—so, so. I don't think him so good as Conti.

MISS F. Lord! I heard a gentleman say last night, that understands musick very well, that he's better than Conti; what do you think, Mr Spritely?

MR S. Oh! no, indeed, Mem, not so well as Conti.

MISS E. Do you understand musick, Mr Spritely.

MR S. Oh! nothing to speak of, Mem.

MISS F. Yes, indeed, Mr Spritely plays very finely upon the German flute; he learns of Weediman.

MISS E. Lord! that is a dear creature, that Weediman.

MISS F. Oh! but Martini is my favourite, the fine haut-boy.

MISS E. Oh! no, I like Jemmy Nani best; I heard that Mr Handel should say that he thought Jemmy Nani the best violin in the world.

—o—

MR PHASEY, JUNR., IN AMERICA.

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—This criticism upon my son appeared in *The World*, a New York paper, on June the 16th:—"The Manhattan Beach Hotel was well patronized to hear Gilmore's Concerts. The programmes arranged by Mr Gilmore for afternoon and evening were of a very high standard of excellence, while the interpretation of the several numbers brought forth hearty plaudits. But the musical surprise was in the evening, when Mr Gilmore introduced the latest acquisition to his band, Mr Phasey, with his new instrument, the *Antoniophone*. This is to the brasses what the *Vox Humana* is to the organ. It has a pure human tone, and as the notes of Tosti's "*For ever and For ever*" came from it, the audience could hardly believe but what some person was singing. So great was the success that Mr Phasey had several encores."

I was very pleased to read in your last week's impression the extract from the *Sunday Democrat*, and quite agree with what the talented writer has stated.

I have a book containing 87 of these old Irish ballads, including "Irish Molly," which is described as a "street ballad," as the author is unknown. If you like I will send you one now and then until they are all exhausted, so that the author of the short article cannot say that the "Irish muse is going out of print."—Yours faithfully,

ALFRED J. PHASEY.

Sydenham, July 23.

* *Artaseres*.† *Son qual nava agitata*.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 59.

(Continued from page 452.)

1811.

Vauxhall Gardens opened on the 3rd of June with one of those splendid galas for which that elegant place of attraction is so celebrated. Miss Feron and Mrs Bland, in their songs, "The Romp, or the great Catalani," and "Johnny came a courting me," both composed by me, were encored. The song of "The Romp, or the great Catalani," had become so great a favourite with the public, that at one of the concerts at Plymouth, in which Braham and Miss Feron sang, a part of the company calling for "Rule, Britannia," were opposed by others calling for "The Romp;" which latter song, after a considerable contest, being carried by a great majority, was twice sung with vehement applause before "Rule, Britannia."

The Drury Lane company at the Lyceum Theatre represented, on the 9th of September, a new opera in three acts, called *M.P., or the Blue Stocking*, written by Moore, the elegant translator of *Anacreon*. The music was composed by Mr M. P. King, in which he was very happy, "as happy as a king!" This gentleman, one night at Covent Garden Theatre, in the presence of several persons, said to me, "Pray, Mr Parke, how do you compose your pleasing melodies?" The singularity of the question surprising me a little, I hesitated, when I was relieved by his adding, "I mean, do you write your melodies first?" As small things bear an analogy to great ones, it brought to my recollection an anecdote I had heard of Dr Fisher (a former leader of the band and composer to Covent Garden Theatre), who having weakly imagined that Dr Arne's inspiration proceeded from the attitude of his instrument, and wishing to get possession of his secret, said to him, "When you composed your fine opera of *Artaxerxes*, doctor, did you write with the lid of your harpsichord up or down?"

In the year 1809, at the request of my friend Major Topham, I composed the music to a song which he had written, entitled "The Death of General Sir John Moore." It was sung with great applause at the Covent Garden Theatre by Mr Bellamy, and at the Lyceum Theatre (where the company of Drury Lane Theatre were then acting) by Mr Dignum. The famous retreat of the British troops in the Peninsula, equal perhaps to the Ten Thousand of antiquity, commanded by General Sir John Moore, in the face of an overwhelming French force, together with the subsequent battle of Corunna, in which that brave general was killed, and, like the immortal Wolfe, died in the arms of victory, afforded a brilliant display of heroism never exceeded even by Britons, by means of which our valiant soldiers were enabled to make an uninterrupted embarkation. An intimate friend of mine (Captain Barlow of the Royal Artillery) who had been engaged in that trying service, having, like his brother officers, lost the whole of his baggage, returned to England with scarcely a shoe or stocking to his feet. This young but brave officer, whimsical to relate, had previously been presented with a curious monkey, which during the arduous retreat was the companion of his toils and dangers. Pug grinned and chattered as the balls whizzed about him; and so powerfully had he been impressed with terror at the noise and confusion of the scene he had witnessed, that at the inn (after being landed) where his master dined, on the waiter drawing the cork of a bottle of wine, he actually jumped out of the window of the room, which was thirty feet from the ground, and escaped unhurt. Major Topham was the author of "The Life of Elwes," the celebrated miser, and many excellent poems. Perhaps no man's real character was more mistaken than was the major's, owing to the singularity of his dress, which was the cause of his being caricatured in the print shops as "The tip-top Adjutant." Indeed, I was myself rather prejudiced against his external appearance till I became acquainted with him, when I found him a refined scholar and an accomplished gentleman. On his retiring from the Life Guards he established a new diurnal print which became popular, called *The Fashionable World*; and when he left London some years afterwards to reside on his estate in Yorkshire, he sold it to Mr Stuart, who continued it under the revived title of *The Morning Post*. On the arrival of Lord Cornwallis in England, who had been Governor-General of India, *The Morning Post* was purchased of Mr Stuart by A. Robertson, Esq., late secretary and friend of the Earl; but some of the opposition prints conceiving that it leaned too much towards the government, and having in their observations styled it *The Nabob's Gazette*, Mr Robertson, who was of a quiet disposition, was induced to dispose of it to Mr Byrne, its present proprietor. Major Topham was the oldest and most intimate friend of Miles Peter Andrews, the well-known M.P. and gunpowder manufacturer; and though it may appear extraordinary, it is nevertheless true, that during an acquaintance of fifty years, they had never once had a blow-up. At the commencement of the last and protracted illness of Andrews,

Major Topham, at his request, came to London, and remained with him several months till he died. For this act of friendship Andrews, who left his partner £60,000, bequeathed to the Major £100, and a like sum to his friend Mr Wilson, the eminent surgeon, who had attended him through his long illness, and whose fees, had he taken them, would have amounted to three times that sum. Andrews had for many years been attached to the stage, and as a writer of epilogues, many of which are extant, he had scarcely a rival. He also wrote some dramatic pieces, *Belphegor, or, the Three Wishes, A Trip to Margate*, &c. He was not a dramatist of great strength, but he was occasionally witty, as the following specimen will show: In the latter piece, *A Trip to Margate*, two apothecaries meeting in the street, after the usual salutations, A. inquires of B. how business goes on; to which B. replies, "very bad." "Indeed!" says A., "why, you must have made a good thing of the illness of the alderman, for it was a long job." "So it was," said B.; "but he died, and I got no money. I however got all the empty bottles back again; therefore, though I gained nothing I lost nothing."

1812.

The King's Theatre opened for the season on Saturday the 14th of January, with the serious opera of *Semiramide*. Catalani and Tramezzani sang with the utmost taste and feeling. The Pantheon opened again for the performance of Italian operas, under the patronage of many of the nobility, who were disgusted with the manager of the King's Theatre. Among the singers engaged were Mdme Bertinotti, Signora Collini, Signor Morelli, &c. Spagnoletti led the band. The first performance consisted of two burlettas composed by Mayer and Portogallo, and ballets. These performances were not permanent. This opposition to the King's Theatre proceeded from Mr Taylor, the manager, not conceding sufficiently to the subscribers, who perhaps required too much, and from his being of that litigious disposition (perhaps not unprovoked), which occasioned him to be continually engaged in lawsuits with his performers and others. This habit, which time had confirmed in him, may be best judged of by his own words. Mr Taylor being at dinner at Mrs Billington's, a gentleman, a particular friend of mine, in a conversation which led to it, said to him, "You must be dreadfully harassed, Mr Taylor, by the frequent lawsuits you are engaged in." "O, no," replied he, "not in the least: I own that they plagued me a little at first, but, from habit, I could not now exist without them!"

Tramezzani's benefit at the King's Theatre was this season honoured with the patronage of the Prince Regent. He and Catalani sang with great effect on the occasion in Cimarosa's fine opera, *Gli Orazi e i Curiazi*. The same opera was performed on the 9th of July for Catalani's benefit, when the house was filled in every part; it proved literally a bumper, and she sang with all that enthusiasm which a bumper usually excites.

The oratorios commenced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 25th of February, with Handel's *Messiah*, with Mozart's accompaniments. Catalani in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was greatly applauded, though she displayed little of that pathos so much admired in Mdme Mara's style of singing the same air. Of the accompaniments to Handel's *Messiah* by Mozart, I wish to say a word or two. It is not my intention to discuss the subject at length; but in giving it as my opinion that the accompaniments are not genuine, I shall state a few reasons in support of that opinion, leaving to others the enjoyment of their own. In the first place, as singers of first-rate ability were easily to be obtained at the time it is said he composed them, it appears to me that an elegant writer like Mozart would not have fallen into the old and exploded style of fettering the voice, by making the wind instruments play the theme with the singers. That Handel, in some instances, had recourse to the same expedient, I allow; but it is well known that he was at times compelled to this by the difficulty he experienced in procuring singers of sufficient ability to do without that aid. In the next place, I think Mozart would not have put harmony on such a subject as "All they that walk," because the great effect produced by its consisting chiefly of octaves (the sublime of music according to Dr Crotch) would have deterred him from sully his judgment by making any addition to it. In the pastoral symphony there is also a redundancy of harmony, which complicates its beautiful and characteristic simplicity, and consequently neutralises its effect. But the strongest conviction I feel as to the posthumous forgery is, that Mozart being a man of consummate genius, and possessing a liberal mind, could not have affected to look down on such a composer as Handel, and casting aside all the courtesies of society, take up his pen for the purpose of depreciating the fame of a great master, under the mask of amending a work that had passed the ordeal of criticism for nearly a century amidst universal admiration, and had been stamped with the indelible mark of supreme excellence. Peter Pindar, in one of his ludicrous poems, relates a story of a man who

was the publisher of the last words of malefactors who were executed. This man, on the execution of one Thomas Baxter (a martyr to religion), experienced such a rapid sale for his work, that in a few weeks afterwards he put forth a second edition, called "More last words of Thomas Baxter." That there has been sent forth a second edition of "More Accompaniments," by Mozart (on the same principle perhaps), I can safely aver, for at a rehearsal of *Alexander's Feast*, for the oratorios at Covent Garden Theatre, two music books were laid on the desk from which I was to play; on the cover of which was written *Alexander's Feast, with Mozart's accompaniments*; and the symphony of one of the songs, "Bacchus ever fair and young," beginning with the full band was actually played; but it being suddenly stopped, and hastily withdrawn by the director, who probably composed them himself, I could not hear the effect of them.

(To be continued.)

LUZEAU NOT LOUZEAU-COUDRAIS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I am shown the *Musical World* of the 19th inst., and find an error has been made in connection with my name in the account you give of Miss Muriel Campbell's *matinée*. The *Musical World* notice says: "The reciters were Mdle Louzeau-Coudrais," &c. Now Mdle Luzeau-Coudrais (not "Louzeau-Coudrais") sang with remarkable success two melodies of Denza, but, of course, did not recite. It is I, Monsieur Luzeau-Coudrais, who gave a recitation of "L'Obsession."

I should be much obliged for a rectification in your next issue. Trusting to your fairness and justice,—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
July 20th, 1884.

L. E. LUZEAU-COUDRAIS.

WAIFS.

There have been strangers to London who have gone away without seeing St Paul's or the National Gallery, and have failed to find their way to the Houses of Parliament. But probably the country cousin or the American tourist does not exist who has visited the metropolis and not passed the doors of Mme Tussaud's. The great waxwork show is, indeed, one of the "institutions"—as the American visitor probably says—of this city. The man who cannot recall the time when in boyhood's happy hour he shuddered at the Baker Street guillotine and gazed enraptured on field-marshal, kings, and princesses in all the magnificence of royal and military tailoring, is to be commiserated. He is in the case of the unfortunate who has never seen the sea, never heard Liszt played, never read Walt Whitman's poetry.* He has missed a sensation. The least he can do is to enjoy it vicariously, by taking the most impressionable of his grandsons or nephews to the new and handsome building which the descendants of the French *émigré* have opened. Herein are to be seen commodiously arranged "the old familiar faces," with a great many others not so familiar to those who made their first acquaintance with Mme Tussaud, *console Planco*.—S. S.—("Happy they—in either instance; in both, twice happy.—Dr Blügel.")

Mdme Trebelli will return to America in September.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been favourably received in Padua.

A tremendous hurricane has destroyed the Operahouse at Panama. Maini, the basso, is engaged for next winter at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

Carlo Scalisi has again become manager of the Teatro San Carlo, Naples.

The Municipal Band of Milan is announced to give two concerts in Turin.

Pauline Lucca has returned to Vienna, her brow newly covered with fresh laurels.

Julius Stockhausen is about to publish a "Method of Singing" with numerous exercises.

Oreste Scarlatti has been appointed for three years manager of the Teatro Comunale, Trieste.

Ambrose Thomas' *Mignon* was recently performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Mdme Marchesi, the well-known teacher of singing, has left Paris to spend the holidays at Baden, near Vienna.

A new opera, *Der Abencerage*, book by Bartok, music by Franz Sarosi, is accepted at the National Theatre, Pesth.

Mdme Sinico and her husband, Campobello, propose giving concerts at various American summer resorts in August.

Felix Weingartner, composer of the opera *Sakuntala*, will officiate next winter as second conductor at the Stadttheater, Königsberg.

It is said that the Bologna Orchestra, under the direction of Luigi Mancinelli, will give a series of concerts both in Milan and Venice.

The hundredth anniversary of the death of Padre Martini—the 4th October next—is to be duly celebrated in Bologna, his native place.

There is a scheme on foot, says *The Musical Courier* of New York, for the revival of English opera on a large scale in that city next season.

Emma Abbott will probably open her opera season in New York with Léo Delibes' *Lakmé*, of which she has acquired the right for America.

Felix Draeseke's first opera, *Herrat*, is accepted at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, and another, *Gudrun*, at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Franz Kneisel, a violinist who has already made a reputation in Vienna, has been engaged as leader by Bilse for the latter's coming concert season in Berlin.

The Carlsruhe Conservatory of Music, with the Grand-Duchess of Baden as patroness, and the pianist, Heinrich Ordenstein, as director, opened with seventy pupils.

Professor de Ahna, with Mdle Zerbst as vocalist, and Mdle Paine as pianist, lately started on a concert tour in Germany, but was compelled by illness to give it up almost immediately.

It is, in all probability, at the Carolatheater, Leipsic, that Angelo Neumann will produce Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, as he has not succeeded in coming to terms with the manager of the Stadttheater.

The title of Royal Prussian Music-Director has been conferred on Richard Schmidt, director of a Conservatory of Music in Berlin, and teacher of singing in the Friedrich Werder Upper Polytechnic School.

Joseffy, the Viennese pianist, has made arrangements for an extended concert-tour next season in America. He will probably open in San Francisco. (When are we to hear Joseffy!—Dr Blügel.)

Johannes Brahms is said to have completely sketched out another Symphony—his fourth. He has accepted an invitation to visit Milan next April, in the triple capacity of pianist, composer, and conductor.

On the occasion of the National Fête of the 14th inst., Camille Saint-Saëns was promoted to the rank of Officer, and M. Delaborde, Professor of the Piano at the Conservatory, created a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

Johanna Jachmann-Wagner (niece of Richard Wagner) has resigned the place she has held for about a year as teacher of singing in the Royal School of Music, Munich, to set up an independent singing school of her own.

The fourth meeting of the members and friends of the London Branch of the United Richard Wagner Society was held on Monday at the Earl of Dysart's, 26, Bruton Street, when Miss Alma Murray read scenes from Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet* and *As you like it*, and Wagner's *Dusk of the Gods* and *Tristan und Isolde*. The programme included also pianoforte selections from Wagner's most advanced works by Professor Jeffery. There was a very full attendance.

The grandson of the celebrated composer Bellini has just committed suicide at Nice. He threw himself out of a window on the fourth story of the hospital St Roch, where he was a patient. The unfortunate man had suffered severe reverses of fortune. In his youth he was destined for the bar, and had actually made some progress with his legal studies when the poverty of his family obliged him to give up all hope of entering the profession he had chosen.

THE LONGEST NOSE (*Manchester Examiner*).—Mozart and Haydn being at a party, the former laid a wager of six bottles of champagne with the latter that he would play at sight a piece of music which he (Mozart) would compose. Haydn accepted the challenge, and Mozart speedily wrote down a few notes and presented them to Haydn, who, having played a prelude, exclaimed, "How do you think I can play that? My hands are at each extremity of the piano, and there is at the same time a note in the middle!" "Does that stop you?" said Mozart; "well you shall see me do it." On coming to the difficult passage, Mozart, without stopping, struck the note in the middle of the piano with his nose, and everyone naturally burst out laughing. What made the act more ridiculous was that Haydn had a flat nose, while Mozart's was a long one. Haydn therefore paid for the smallness of his nasal protuberance the cost of six bottles of champagne. (A very old story, which may be dismissed in one word—"Bosh."—Dr Blügel.)

MISS LAURENCE ELIOT, R.A.M., gave an evening concert on July 21st, at Harrington Mansions, South Kensington, by the kind permission of Mrs and Captain Laing. The programme was an attractive one, and the various pieces and songs were well rendered by Miss Eliot and her colleagues before a crowded room.

MR JULIAN MARSHALL'S very choice musical library is announced for sale on Tuesday next, by Messrs Sotheby & Co., at their rooms, Wellington Street, Strand. Connoisseurs should not fail to become possessors of some of Mr Marshall's musical treasures.

BAYREUTH.—Wagner's executor has declared that *Parsifal* shall not be performed—not even in the concert room—anywhere but at the theatre here, where, by the way, some other work of the composer's, probably *Tristan und Isolde*, will, also, be given next year, Mdle Malten alternating with Materna, and Winkelmann and Gudehus with Niemann in the two principal characters.

FROM an interesting article, headed "Modern Cathedrals," published in a recent number of the *St James's Gazette*, we select the following paragraph as likely to interest the large majority of our readers:—

"What a modern cathedral needs, as distinguished from an ancient one, is a large amount of unobstructed space. Even the area under the dome of St Paul's is too small for the crowds who often press into it. And, looking to the future, provision may wisely be made in a new building for people brought together not only by an ordinary service or favourite preacher, but also by the performance of important musical works of a religious character. For this last object a more extended nave may be allowable than the one that would suffice for the others; a chorus, and even a powerful voice unaided, being fairly heard at a distance which makes a speaker inaudible. The first thing, then—looking for the moment only at the utilitarian aspect of the problem—is to provide space for as large a congregation as possible within hearing of prayers, lessons, and sermon, which, probably, is all the space that will commonly be used. When this is done, further space can be added by lengthening the nave towards the west, which will be valuable at those special times when singing rather than speaking is intended. Such conditions point to a wide nave and large central area; yet not so large as that at St Paul's, which would dwarf all the rest of the church, and absorb nearly all the sound of speaking or singing. There is another alternative, and that is to make this central area in itself the church—expanding it till the nave becomes a mere vestibule, and the choir a mere appendage. Such a scheme was proposed, as most people know, in the original design for St Paul's; but it was rejected then, and it departs so widely from customary forms that anything like it would probably be rejected now. Its possibilities would be magnificent in the hands of an architect with an unconquerable determination to secure 'scale,' 'solidity, and proportion': without this it would be little better than a second Albert Hall."

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MEMORY, Romance (in E flat) for the Pianoforte, composed by BROWNLOW BAKER, price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street; where may be obtained "BOURREE" (in E flat), for the Pianoforte, composed by BROWNLOW BAKER, price 4s.

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